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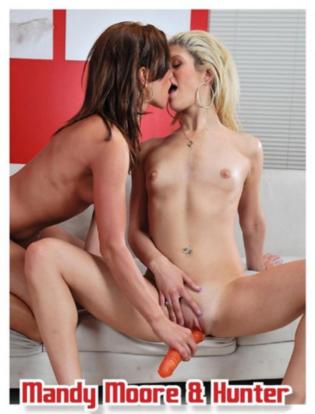
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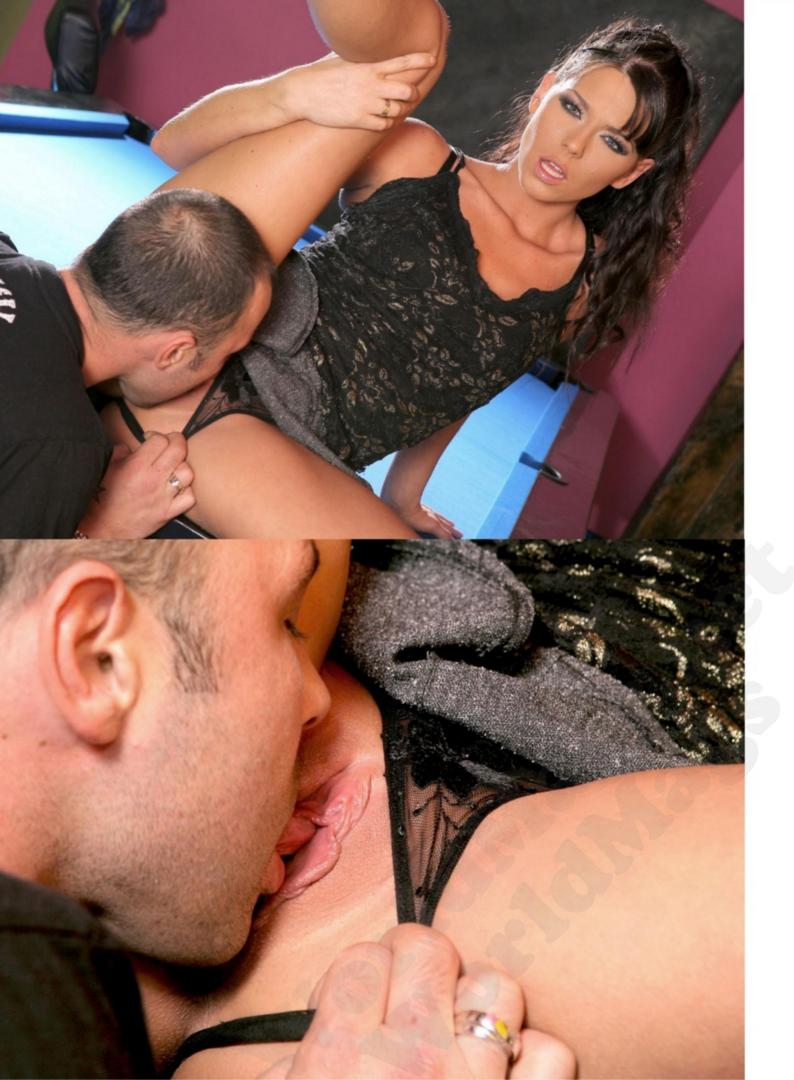
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Dear editor,

A few days ago I found your magazine on the newsstand. I was going to buy my monthly fix of Hot Rod Digest, but when I saw Stacy Silver on the cover, I dropped my wad on your mag. And I got to tell you, I was not disappointed. I had not bought a men's mag in vears because so much stuff is on the internet, but holding a real men's magazine was like picking up an old friend. But this time she was dressed in red lingerie and getting fucked in the butt.

- Gino, Brooklyn

If you have something interesting to share, then go write ahead. Send your letters to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 10170 W. Tropicana Ave. #156-168, Las Vegas, NV 89147. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them — or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.

BLONDE IS BEAUTIFUL

Dudes, I can see why every man wants to fuck her! When I see Stacy, the very first thought that comes to my mind is I want to just lay my head and face down on that smooth pussy of hers. Then, I want to eat a scoop of strawberry ice cream off of it. Now my friends already are telling me that this isn't rational.

The thing that some don't understand is that a woman like Stacy make some men's brains dribble out of their years. And, the other thing that knocks me out about her is that hair. Hold that glorious hair. I just want to wrap it around my dick and feel the silkiness of it.

I want to make sweet love to her from behind, woof, woof, while my hands and fingers are curled in that marvelous mane. When I saw Stacy, I wanted to tell her these thoughts of mine. She would smile and say what a naughty boy I was. And I like that. Would you like it if I my cock grew just a little bit larger just for you? I actually couldn't answer that. I'd just look at her with an idiotic smile and nod yes I could.

And if she kissed me on my cheek, I'd probably faint. Stacy, I'm not an idiot. Really. I'm just mesmerized by your face, your body, your hair. I do not go around writing letters to just anyone I see in the pages of a magazine, but my attraction to you is undeniable. Thank you for letting me tell you so.

- Edward, San Antonio

TWO MINUS ONE IS STILL TWO

I'm writing to tell you about my best friend Frankie who's going through a confusing time right now. When he learned that his two girlfriends, Sofia and Kaylee, were enrolling in the same night school classes, he knew there'd be problems. Sofia and Kaylee were destined to cross paths sooner or later, so Frankie took matters into his own hands. Frankie invited both beauties to his modest abode to enjoy his favorite imported beers.

He explained the situation telling Sofia and Kaylee that he hoped the trio could work out an agreeable arrangement. The girls wasted little time in proving to Frankie that they could work out things together. What the two ladies opted not to disclose, is that they were already familiar with each other. Very familiar!

They had met in college, some fifteen years ago, during their liberated experimental phase. And each seemed quite pleased to see

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I'd then proceeded to carry her over to the nearest empty booth, pull off her small costume and shove my face in her pussy.

the other – in the flesh once again. An afternoon that could've ended in disaster was instead transformed into a lesbian lover's reunion. Now Frankie feels left out. When once he was fucking them both, now it's neither and he just has to imagine them fucking each other. Frankie has no imagination, believe me.

- Les, Virginia

IS IT BOOBS OR BAILEY?

Rarely do I write to a men's magazine, but I have done it a time or two. I'm a breast man and my favorite kind are the big, but not Like if she was a cocktail waitress shaking her ass around a nightclub with a tray of drinks. And, when you see her going by and you yell out, "Drinks, miss!" What you're really saying is "Bailey, baby, I need to put my dick in your tail. I'd like to toss away her tray of drinks to the side and throw her over my shoulder. I'd then proceeded to carry her over to the nearest empty booth, pull off her small costume and shove my face in her pussy."

With some women, you can sort of look at them and get a feel for how delicious they will be down

too big, soft, pillow-like boobs that I can push together and shut my face in there, and keep it there for a while. Seeing Bailey in your mag and her boobs can make a guy like me fantasize about her and her chest all day long.

there. And Bailey I just know her pussy would be really tasty. If I had the chance to tell Bailey about my fantasy and she'd ask me how I knew her pussy tasted so good. And how would I know that her boobs were pillow soft? These are

tough questions when all you have is your imagination.

I'd answer her back by asking if she would let this old boy find out for himself? I promise not to leave on an empty stomach. Anybody else suddenly feeling hungry?

- Samuel, Santa Fe

WHENTHE BOYS ARE AWAY...

It was a pretty typical Saturday night for late October here in Midtown Manhattan. We had gathered at Janie's flat for some weekend games and that often included some night long battles on the Monopoly board. Of course it also includes beer and other stuff to make the games more competitive. Those that don't play will often go into bedrooms and not come out until there's a knock on the door. However tonight it seemed like everyone had something going on.

There were only the four us this weekend; Ray, Blake, Janie and myself, but usually there are more. We always try to have an even number of guys and girls so no one will get left out. House rules!

Janie pulled me aside and started whispering in my ear that earlier in the day she had fucked Ray and wanted him again. What could we do to put him in the mood. So of course I suggested make out in front of him! Janie is pretty cute and has a smoking hot body. She's

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I rolled on my side and we started kissing and caressing each other some more. I pinched her nipple and she moaned instantly making us both wetter. I kissed her nipples and then started sucking them as she writhed under me.

very curvy and has awesome perky boobs with perky nipples that always are poking through the tight blouses she always likes to wear.



So tonight, we're all sitting on the floor and the guys have no idea what's about to happen. We start kind of giggling and start kissing. First it was just dry pecks on the lips, but then Janie slips me her tongue and we start long wet kisses. Blake just stared in amazement. Ray however was very interested.

"The only thing that is missing is that you are still dressed!" he said. So we both took off our clothes and bras and are now just in panties. We start kissing again, rubbing each other's breasts; and I have to wonder could sweet little Janie be as turned on as I am right now? She's pinching my nipples so I decide to reach down and rub

her pussy on top of her panties. When my hand gets down there, I find them soaked! She jumped a little at first, but then returned the

favor.

This went on for several long minutes till my little white cotton bikinis were soaked.

Turns out Blake had too much to drink and was getting sick, so Ray said he would take him home. It was around one in the morning, so Janie and I decided to go to bed. We cuddled up on her futon

still in just our panties and she said it was really fun kissing me in front of the guys as she was softly rubbing my breast. "We could always finish what we started and blame it on the alcohol in the morning." she said, and I laughed. I was so turned on! Neither one of us had ever been with another girl before! Ever!

I rolled on my side and we started kissing and caressing each other some more. I pinched her nipple and she moaned instantly making us both wetter. I kissed her nipples and then started sucking them as she writhed under me. As I slid my hand down her stomach, hers was on top of my panties. I slid my hand under her panties and felt

my way to her swollen clit. She gave me a look of surprise and then whispered, "Don't stop. Do whatever you want and I'll do it back to you till we both cum, ok?" I moaned out in agreement and let my fingers feel only what I've felt on myself.

I started rubbing her clit harder as she moaned and asked me to put a finger in. I did and she flooded my hand with her pussy juices. I couldn't let all that sweetness go to waste so I ever so slowly licked my way down her belly and devoured that smooth pussy full force. My tongue parted her labia as I played with her clit. She screamed and pushed my head further into her swollen pussy. I tongue-fucked her hole until she begged me to stop.

I sat up and took my panties off and laid on top of her. I was wondering what she was planning? She told us to sit next to each other. Reaching down, she very carefully spread both of our labia apart so our clits were touching. She started thrusting against me and I did it back harder. Our pussies rubbed together faster and faster until we both came and collapsed in scissors exhaustion. I rolled over beside her and she said she had never cum like that and wanted to know what got into us? We heard Ray come back in the house and call our names. We both laughed and fell asleep together.

























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Suffice to say that I unabashedly love what I call a sex smorgasbord. If any man thinks my pussy is going to be for their cock only, you've got yourself the wrong girl. I mean, look at me. I'm brash, I'm beautiful, I'm opinionated, I'm horny and I'm ready. That's why I'm a BYLF – a Bitch You'd Like to Fuck. I don't really mind describing myself that way. Looks



are way too important in today's society. Way too much concern for outward appearances. I'm happy to tell you that sometimes I get so horny, and, the only way for me to possibly get my concentration back is to get a heaping serving of strange dick. And sometimes the more strangers involved, the better. That's just the way I am.

The more you're out there to show off what you got, the more likely you are to get a good dick between

i'm the perfect BYLF

I know how to get what I want. I win and you lose.

your legs. In addition to my insatiable appetite for big dicks, I've also got this thing for the ladies. Give me a hot pussy and a hard cock at the same time, you'll see a big smile on my face. That's really all the important stuff you need to know about me. But I'm quite sure that doesn't interest a big man like yourself right now. You want to know what gets my pussy wet and how you're going to get your cock into it. Maybe by the time you finish reading my story, you'll know.

At 38, I cut quite the fine figure in a tight dress, or even out of a dress. I make 18 and 20 year-olds shrink away when they see a real woman walking down the mall. So last Friday night I decide to go to Harry's at the Harbor. I call my BFF Gwen, who's a bit of a looker herself, and we put on our sexiest, shortest evening dresses and head on down. The Inner Harbor in Baltimore such a marvelous site: all the tourists coming out to see the attractions and dine at dance at the many restaurants. There are locals, most of whom live and work downtown, that go there too, like me and Gwen. Many places are meat markets, but that's okay with me. I am the predator, not the prey. I decide whose cock I suck or who licks my pussy. Gwen is pretty much the same way, that's why we get along so good. Beside, she's a tasty morsel I like to have on occasion. And she can have me, too.

When I'm cock shopping, my secret weapons are in a vast collection of cock-hardening barely-there dresses. All are skin-tight and many have cut outs that leave little to the imagination. I like to push the envelope as far as I possibly can. Call me an attention whore, but I don't care. So tonight, I'm in a stretchy black crinkle fabric dress that just barely covers my crotch. My cleavage is deep, and my butt is firm. My

It wasn't an office. It was a storage room for the bar. We peeked in and saw a bunch of boxes and crates piled up. We went in and found some towels that we laid down between a few of the boxes. I spotted a couple of rolled up yoga mats that would be perfect for our little tryst. We unrolled them and straightened them down on the floor. Now we had a cute little bed to play on. Suddenly, I found myself belly up on the mat. The little Gwen had pulled me down on my butt. She kneeled over me and growled, asking me if I was ready for her tongue. Without a word, I pulled up my knees and spread my legs wide. My little black dress had already hiked itself up over my hips.

Her head came down and her mouth found my nipple which she sucked like a hungry piglet. When she came up for air, she moved down my body, her face racing to my pussy. I felt her tongue flickering over my little clit, trying to get it harder than it already was. I reached over and pulled the top of her dress away from her giant boobs. I grabbed a nipple in each hand and squeezed hard. She lifted her head momentarily to squeal and slouched back down. I couldn't stifle my moaning any longer. I squealed and whimpered as her tongue explored every crevice of my engorged labia. I found the tingles of a climax begin way down in my toes. My hands kept caressing those big boobs of hers. Then I gave them a squeeze letting her know it was her turn to get eaten. We flipped around.

With Gwen on her back now, I pushed her legs apart and then I pulled her panty to the side. I let my tongue roll across her mound and I heard the horny girl moan as I slid my tongue into her pussy hole and then all around her stiff clit. I savored the sweet taste of it. I pushed her legs back over her head and my tongue found her anus. I licked all around it teasing the little brown star with my tongue. She was in heaven. By now, we had lost track of time. Her juices were flowing outrageously as she came, and her ass was in a puddle on top of the mat.

Hold everything! There was a loud tapping at the door. I looked up and saw the man who banged my car in front of the bar. Why had I not locked the door earlier? Gwen sat up and he looked at us both with eyes wide open and a lusty grin on his lips. We looked at each other and whispered, 'why not?' We curled our fingers, motioning him to come over.

"Ladies," he said, "may I ask what's going on here."



I felt her tongue flickering over my little clit, trying to get it harder than it already was. I reached over and pulled the top of her dress away from her giant boobs.

boobs are big, so they're straightening out the kinks by their sheer size. My butt pushes so hard against the fabric that it stretches the cloth flat across my ass crack. Tonight, no underwear for me. Gwen is almost my twin with a silver shimmy dress with a deep cut out in the back that goes down to her butt crack. The front plunges in a deep V below her cleavage. We are finished off with plenty of bangles on our wrists. Any man who sees us is gonna have to be picking his jaw up off the ground.

So now, it's 9 pm and we must be getting to Harry's. I jumped into my cherry red convertible, of course, and go pick her up. After parking out front, two valet guys rush over, pushing and shoving each other to get to us first. We give them a sexy smile and the keys, telling them to pick their jaws off the ground, and to be very careful with my car. Suddenly, as the valet pulls away from the curb, a guy in a black Mercedez bumps the rear of my car. I didn't see it, but heard it. I turn just in time to see that the driver managed to get out of his car but seemed a little shook up. I went over to him, and helped him lean on my car. He looked at me and said I was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. I said is that why he banged my car? He blushed and said if there was any damage, he would gladly pay for it. I looked at my bumper and there was no damage. Relief. I said we have to go, and left.

When we got inside Harry's, I saw a big group of gorgeous babes dressed to the hilt milling about. Several were either talking to guys or looking into their cell phones trying to look happy. We sauntered over to the bar and two guys vacated their seats for us and we sat down. I ordered drinks for me and Gwen and one of the guys plunked a hundred dollar bill on the bar to pay for them. I looked back at him and told him that was so sweet, but I preferred to pay for my own drinks. Gwen giggled and the guy backed off. We grabbed our drinks and swiveled around on our bar stools to check out the action. Harry's was a large place that I frequented and knew most of the evening staff, I even 'thanked' the manager a few times, but the owner found out and fired him. Poor boy, but that's what you get playing with fire. An hour into it, we were getting pretty bored. Lotsa guys came over and tried to hit on us, but none would pass the muster. Many of the ladies would look at us and scowl. We just raised our glasses to them and adjusted our boobs higher.

By now, it's near midnight and five drinks later, I was bored. I leaned closer to Gwen and whispered that what I wanted is to suck her sweet pussy all night long. She said "Groovy" and winked at me, then added, "How 'bout now?'



I looked down the length of the bar. There must have been twenty or so women with a lot of fake tits, and a couple guys hanging over each one. Oh they looked fine in evening dresses, but most probably had mediocre boob jobs when their clothes came off. I grabbed Gwen's hand and gently pulled her off her stool. We walked along the row of bar rats hand-in-hand and headed back towards the bathrooms. We went into the ladies' room and found it crowded with tons of females that it seemed like standing room only at a boy band concert. Ugh! We can't do anything here. We went into the men's room, and while it was less populated, it smelled of beer and dirty cock. No way. We exited and I told Gwen I knew of a storage room at the end of the rest room hallway and pointed to a dark door with 'Private' painted on it.

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"You may ask," I said, "but if you can't tell, your either blind or crazy."

"Aren't you the lady whose car I bumped into earlier?" he asked when his eyes better adapted to the darkness.

"Yes, I am," I said, "but what are you doing here?"

"I'm the night manager here and I came in to get some things to replenish the bar." he added.



"Is this something you came in here for?" I asked him as I popped out both of Gwen's boobs and shook them for him. "Or maybe you were looking for this?" I pulled my dress farther up my hips showing him my glistening wet pussy mound.

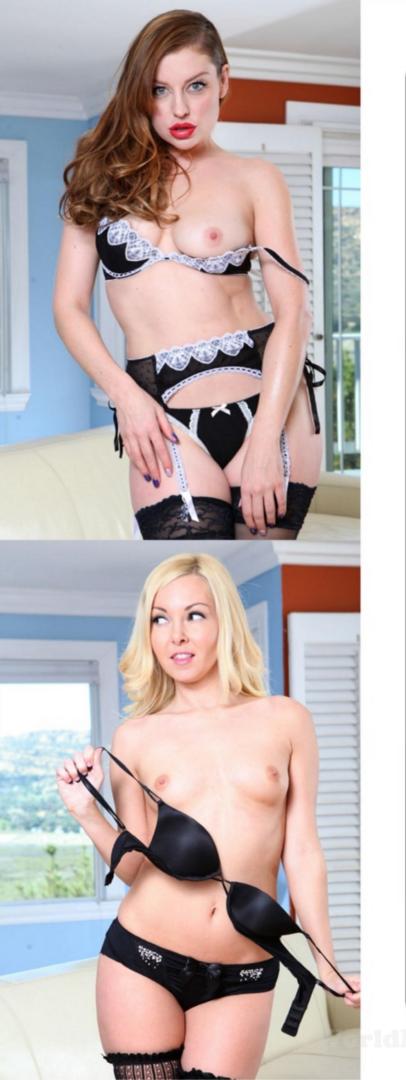
Speechless, he gawked at us and I went over and pulled him into out little love den. I pushed him down on the mats, squatted over him and grinded my pussy into his face. Then, Gwen decided to shove hers down there too and we both rolled our pussies all over his face. He started coughing a bit, and when he saw two clean-shaved pussies hovering above his face, he broke out into this huge shit-eating grin. Without missing a beat, he put a finger up each of our pussies. He vigorously fingered us as we kissed each other

above him. Then the naughty man managed to also snake a finger into each of our butt holes. Oh, the sly little devil! Gwen and I continued kissing and rubbing our breasts together. Her stiff nipples gloriously poked against mine. Finally, enough was enough, and I needed me some cock. I pushed her off him and told him he better be big and hard. Gwen and I flopped on the floor onto our backs on the mats, and the guy obliged by sticking his pole in my wet slit. He was on his knees, holding my legs apart as he fucked me. Gwen sat down on my face and I was feeling just marvey. I'm the type of BYLF that's usually pretty easy to please. Just put a stiff cock in my pussy and a pussy on my mouth, and you got one happy bitch. Who could ask for more? Gwen, that's who!

She announced that it was her turn for pussy and cock. So, we all rotated about, it was my turn to grind my pussy into her mouth. When I began licking, I could already feel her powerful pulsations vibrating my lips. The manager guy had sweat running down his brow and a determined look on his manly face. Gwen and I both scurried around into two doggy positions, waving our beautiful asses in the air in front of him. We kissed each other as he put his cock first in her pussy, then in mine. This bit of craziness finally made my pussy start gushing. Gwen too was also trembling in the midst of her orgasm. On cue, he pulled his cock out of me and then Gwen and I took in his climatic explosion as it erupted all over our faces as we knelt in front of him.

But that still wasn't enough cock for us. I pushed him down on the mats again and Gwen immediately started licking and sucking him. I also went down there and first took his balls and rolled them in my hands. Then my mouth joined Gwen's as we did double duty on his cock. Gwen g ave good head, but my technique was better. I gulped the whole thing down, leaving only access to his balls for her, which she instantly took advantage of. He came into my mouth this time and I shared it in a deep kiss with my gal.

Suddenly, there was another knock on the door and the bartender came in wondering why the manager guy was taking so long. He saw the three of us and turned around, headed back to the bar. We all got dressed and let him go out first. A few minutes later Gwen and I came out, a little disheveled but quite content. We went back to the bar and there were two empty stools and drinks in place, ready and waiting for us. Thank you new manager guy.















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